

F.D.C.

JAN.

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NO. 1







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# THE

# KEY

SINCE I  
AM THE  
POSSESSOR  
OF THE KEY, I  
HAVE NO NEED  
FOR MASKS,  
COSTUMES, OR  
SUPERHUMAN  
POWERS!

JEFFERY  
QUICK

THE KEY  
BELONGED TO  
MY TRIBE.  
UNTIL WE  
BESTOWED IT  
UPON JEFFERY  
QUICK--ONLY  
TO HIM WOULD  
WE GIVE IT!

PALO

EARREL

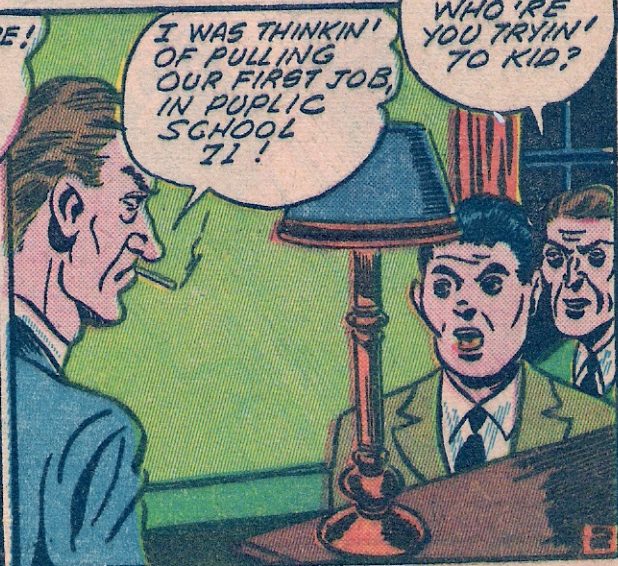
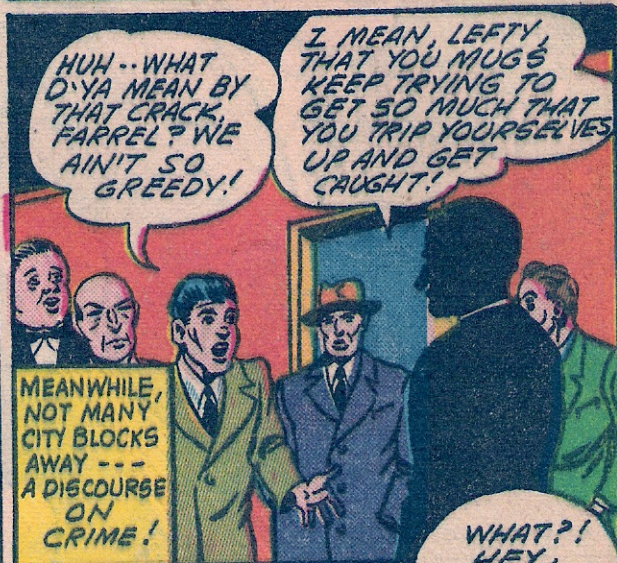
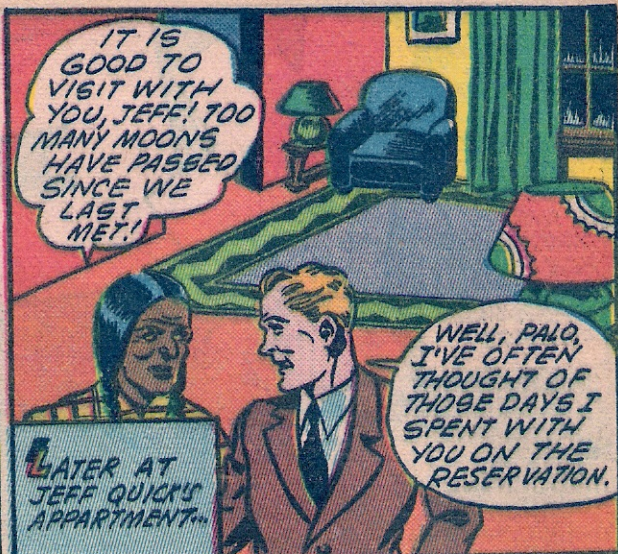
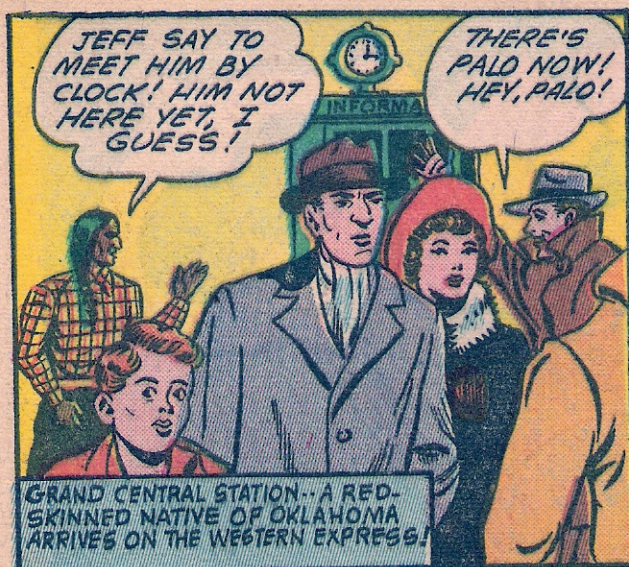
DR. QUICK  
IN THE  
TREMENDOUS CASE  
OF THE  
MISSING RATION  
BOOKS!

A KEY CAN MEAN MANY  
THINGS TO MANY PEOPLE..  
BUT TO JEFFERY QUICK,  
THE KEY OPENS THE  
DOOR TO STRANGE  
ADVENTURES - - -  
UNLOCKS THE DARK  
SECRETS OF THOSE  
WHO PLOT TO DESTROY  
- - - AND POINTS  
THE WAY TO DANGER!

I HAVE A FOOL-PROOF  
SYSTEM TO MAKE CRIME  
PAY! THE KEY? WHAT  
DIFFERENCE DOES  
IT MAKE TO ME?

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BACK IN JEFF'S  
APARTMENT--

YOU THINK  
OF SOME-  
THING?

GOSH, YES!  
I ALMOST FOR-  
GOT THAT I  
HAVE TO RENEW  
MY GAS RATION  
BOOK TODAY!  
I WON'T TAKE  
LONG, PALO--



THE SCHOOL'S  
JUST DOWN  
THE BLOCK--

THE CITY IS  
VERY LARGE  
AND STRANGE  
PLACE--EASY  
TO LOSE ONE-  
SELF!



BUT, THIS VERY  
MOMENT, THINGS  
START TO HAPPEN  
AT THE SCHOOL!

THIS IS THE PLACE,  
BOYS-- SCATTER AND  
COVER THE DOORS!  
GET OUT YOUR  
RODS!

OKAY

OKAY, FELLERS--  
KEEP 'EM  
QUIET AND  
I'LL TAKE  
CARE OF THE  
REST!

SURE  
HOPE YOU  
KNOW  
WHAT  
YOU'RE  
DOING!

WHA--  
CROOKS!



JEFF QUICK  
AND PALO  
PICK THIS  
MOMENT  
TO ENTER--

LOU-- START STUFFING  
THOSE RATION BOOKS  
INTO THE SUIT-  
CASES!

RIGHT-- I'M  
BEGINNIN' TO  
CATCH ON! BOY,  
WE COULD FIGHT  
A WAR WID DE  
DOUGH DESE  
THINGS ARE  
WORTH!

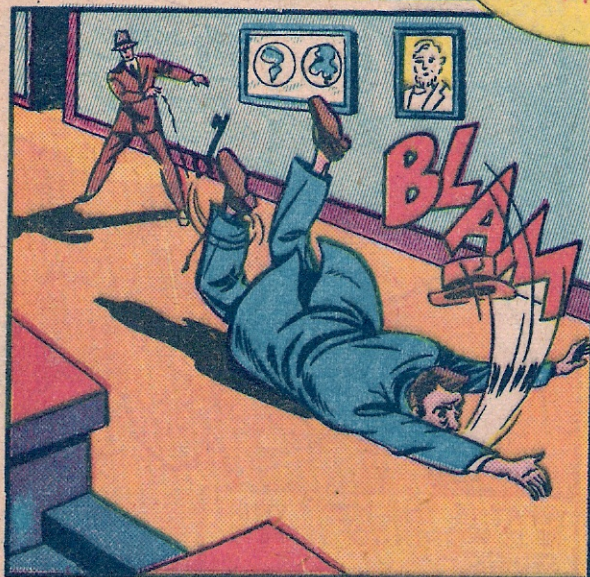
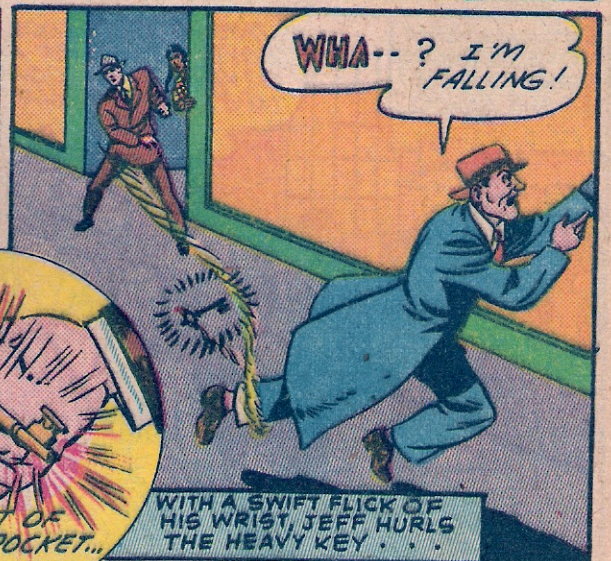
WAIT-- PALO, LOOK!  
SOMETHING'S  
GOING  
ON!

IT WAS  
THE KEY THAT  
IMPELLED US  
HERE!



WHAT IS THE KEY? WHAT  
IS IT WORTH TO JEFFERY  
QUICK?









HANG IT--HE'S GETTING AWAY!

HEY--I'M LOOSE! C'MON! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

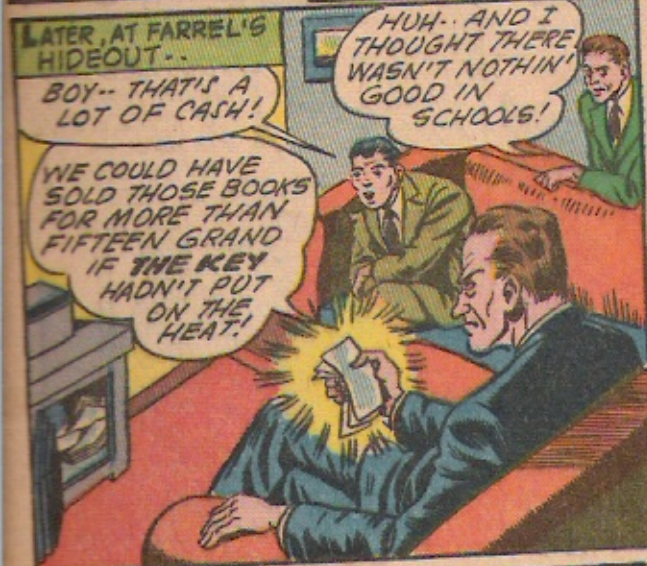
THAT MAN WAS THE KEY! HE ALMOST GOT ME-

AW, STOP SHAKING! YOU'RE SAFE NOW!

THIS TIME THEY HAVE ESCAPED, OR QUICK!

MM-- BUT WE HAVE ONE CLUE--THIS HEEL! COME ON, PALO-- WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM BEFORE THEY CAN DISTRIBUTE THOSE COUPONS.

THE SILKEN CORD PULLS LOOSE AS FARRELL LOSES THE HEEL OF HIS SHOE.



LATER, AT FARRELL'S HIDEOUT--

BOY-- THAT'S A LOT OF CASH!

WE COULD HAVE SOLD THOSE BOOKS FOR MORE THAN FIFTEEN GRAND IF THE KEY HADN'T PUT ON THE HEAT!

HUH-- AND I THOUGHT THERE WASN'T NOthin' GOOD IN SCHOOLS!

DARN THIS SHOE--IT'S DRIVIN' ME CRAZY! LOU, TAKE IT DOWN AND HAVE THE HEEL FIXED!

OKAY! TOO BAD WE DIDN'T GET SOME SHOE STAMPS TOO!



AND, TWO BLOCKS AWAY, PALO AND JEFF ARE TRACKING DOWN THEIR SINGLE CLUE!

YOU TAKE THE EVEN BLOCKS, I'LL TACKLE THE ODD ONES!

YES, SOONER OR LATER HE WILL HAVE TO HAVE THE SHOE REPAIRED!

HUH-- WONDER WHAT THE BOSS HAS LINED UP FOR OUR NEXT JOB--BOY, THAT FIRST WAS A PIP--GOSH, WITH FIVE OR SIX HAULS LIKE THAT--

SHOES

SHOES FIXED WHEN YOU WAIT









I THINK WE CAN USE THIS MUG FOR OUR PLAN-- HERE--LOU, BAT HIM OVER THE BEAN!

YEAH-- BUT GOOD! GIMME...



TOO BAD DIS AIN'T A TOMAHAWK, INJUN -- WHAT'S NEXT, BOSS?

UHHH!

HUH- THIS SOUNDS MORE LIKE OUR MEAT, BOSS!

WELL, THAT'S OUR LAST JOB-- THAT TRUCK WILL BE CARRYING A FORTY THOUSAND DOLLAR LOAD!

BRING OLD 'SLEEPIN' BULL' INTO THE STREET! HE'S GONNA STOP THAT TRUCK FOR US!

HUH- HA! HA! AND HE WON'T EVEN KNOW HE'S DOIN' IT!

YOU GUYS EVER NOTICED THAT ACE ARMORED TRUCK PASSES THIS PLACE?

YEAH, I GUESS SO!



WHEW! NICE PICKINS!

OKAY, BOSS!



OKAY, BOYS, TAKE COVER -- YOU'VE GOT YOUR ORDERS FOR WHEN THAT TRUCK SHOWS UP!

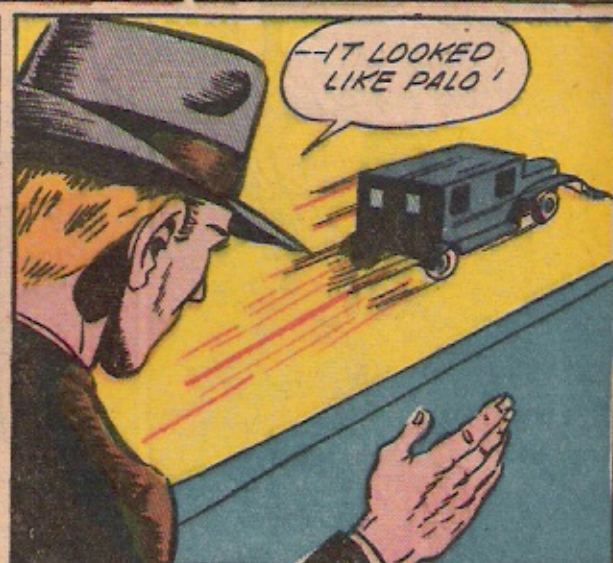
PALO'S UNCONSCIOUS FORM IS PLACED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET . . .

BUT JEFF HAS MADE A FRUITLESS SEARCH AND RETURNS TO MEET PALO -- --

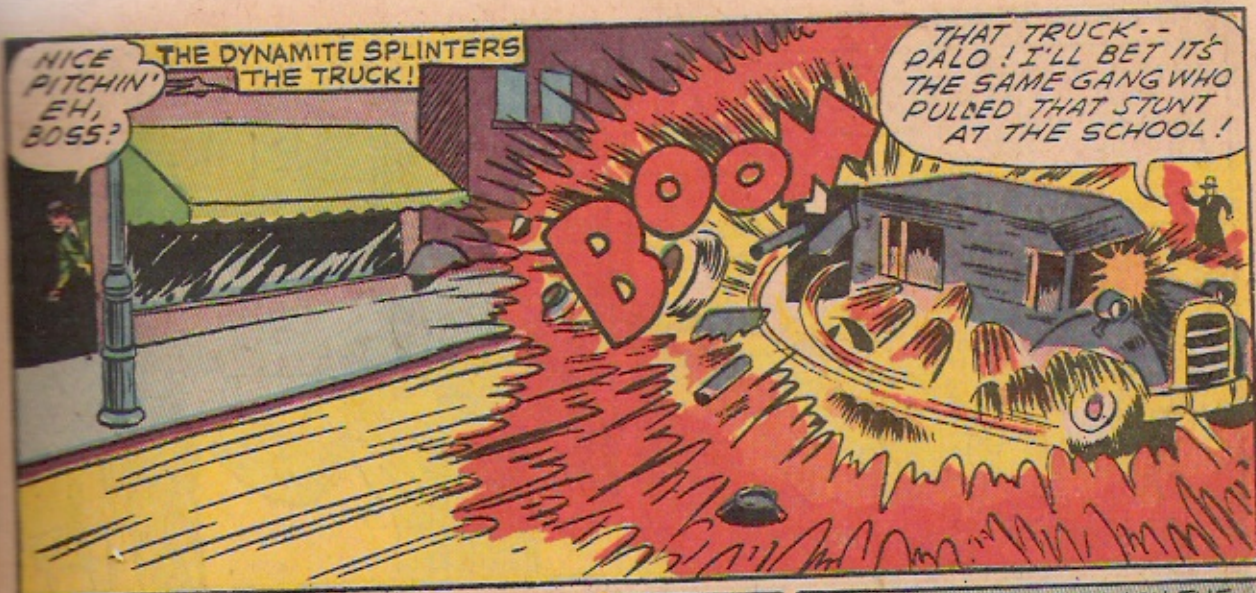
WONDER IF PALO TURNED UP ANYTHING -- HE'S NOT BACK YET-- BEEN GONE A LONG TIME!











NICE  
PITCHIN'  
EH,  
BOSS?

THE DYNAMITE SPLINTERS  
THE TRUCK!

THAT TRUCK--  
PALO! I'LL BET IT'S  
THE SAME GANG WHO  
PULLED THAT STUNT  
AT THE SCHOOL!

BOOM



BEAUTIFUL, LOU!  
OKAY, BOYS--  
GET OUT THERE  
AND LOAD THOSE  
SUITCASES!

WHEE--  
LOOK AT  
THAT GOLD  
MINE!  
ALL  
OURS!



HURRY IT  
UP, BOYS--  
THAT NOISE'LL  
BRING  
COMPANY!

IT IS TIME  
NOW FOR THE  
KEY TO LOCK  
THE DOOR  
ON THEIR  
CAREER  
OF CRIME!



THE KEY SNAPS THROUGH THE  
AIR --

THE KEY--  
IT'S GOT  
ME!  
HELP!

RUN!



A SLIGHT TUG ON THE SILKEN CORD  
AND...

DROP THE MONEY,  
YOU ROTTEN CROOK!  
WHAT DID YOU DO  
TO PALO?!



OKAY, KEY-- I'LL  
TELL YOU... WE  
KILLED HIM JUST  
LIKE WE'RE  
GONNA KILL  
YOU! I DON'T  
LIKE THE WAY  
YOU COME SNEAK-  
ING AROUND  
WITH THAT  
CONTRAPTION!



THE BULLET SEVERS THE SILKEN THREAD...



SWIFTLY, SILENTLY JEFF AND PALO LEAVE THE SCENE --ONLY THE KEY REMAINS TO PROVE THEY WERE EVER THERE! AND WHAT OF THE KEY? WHAT IS IT'S POWER? READ THE NEXT ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE!



# DICK DASH

## IN NAZI OCCUPIED EUROPE

THIS WAR IS A DREADFUL THING, DICK! YOU SHOULD RETURN TO AMERICA WHILE THERE IS STILL TIME.

BUT, SIR, THE NAZIS CAN'T HURT ME! MY COUNTRY'S NOT AT WAR!

**DARK PLANES, BOMBS... WAR!**  
THE FULL FURY OF THE NAZI FORCE STRIKES NEAR A QUIET PRIVATE SCHOOL IN FRANCE AS AN AMERICAN BOY.

**DICK DASH**  
AND THE SCHOOL HEAD WATCH, HELPLESS!

THE TIME IS DURING THE NAZI INVASION OF FRANCE... A DARK MENACE IS IN THE AIR!

DICK, BOY! THE NAZIS WOULD KILL YOU AS A FRENCH-BOY! GO! I BEG OF YOU!

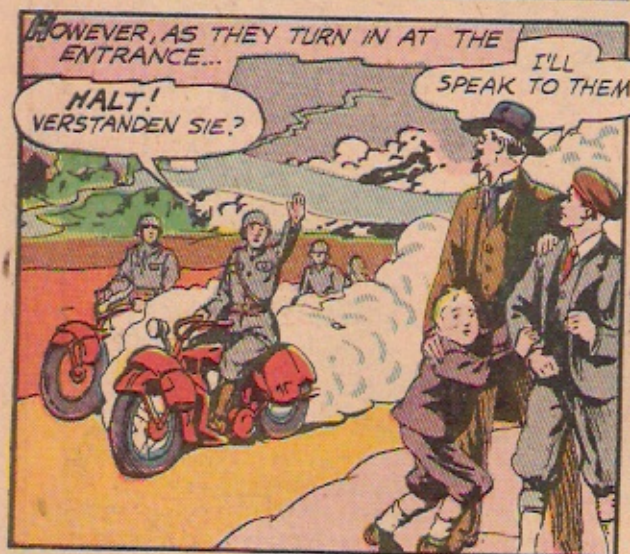
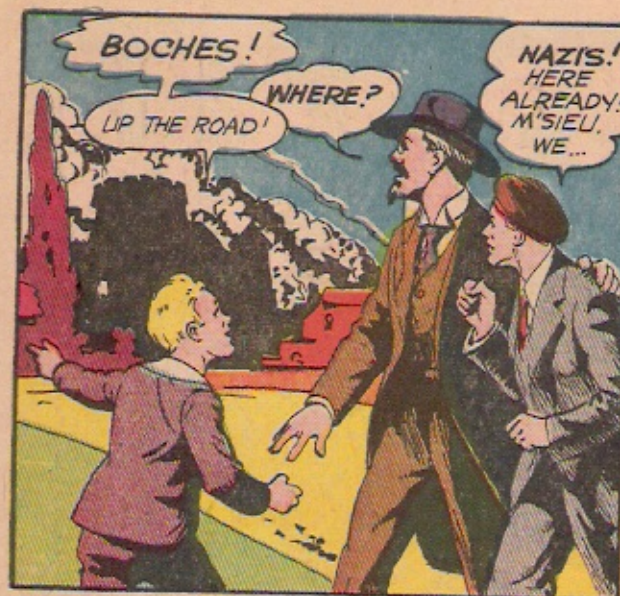
YOU FORGET, M'SIEU RENOIR... MY FAMILY IS STILL IN FRANCE... AND I HAVE LIVED HERE FIVE YEARS...

A FRIGHTENED SCHOOL BOY RUNS TOWARD THEM...

IT IS LITTLE PHILLIPPE! THE BOMBINGS MUST HAVE TERRIFIED THE LITTLE FELLOW!

OH! DR. RENOIR, M'SIEU - I OH!











MEANWHILE, DICK AND PHILLIPE ARE CONFINED IN A CLASSROOM WITH SOME OTHER STUDENTS.

THEY'VE ARRESTED DR. RENOIR AND WE'RE GUARDED, BUT...

GOSH, YOU HAVE AN IDEA, DICK?

WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING! I CAN'T JUST SIT AROUND AND LET THEM TAKE HIM AWAY!

SO! THEY'LL PROBABLY SHOOT US ANYWAY!

T-THEY'LL SHOOT US!

I HAVE AN IDEA-- PIERRE, YOU STILL HAVE YOUR SLINGSHOT IN YOUR DESK?

YES... I WILL GET IT!

WHAT CAN I DO?

HERE, DICK... BUT OF WHAT USE IS THIS?

WELL, I'VE GOT SOME CHALK-- WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL IT'S GOOD AND DARK TO CARRY OUT MY SCHEME!

LATER... HE'S LIGHTING THE LAMP. SEE?

OH-H! OUI!

YOU ARE ALL ARMED? GOOD! NOW IS THE TIME!

I HOPE YOUR AIM IS GOOD AS USUAL!

SHOOT, DICK!

VASS HIMMEL!

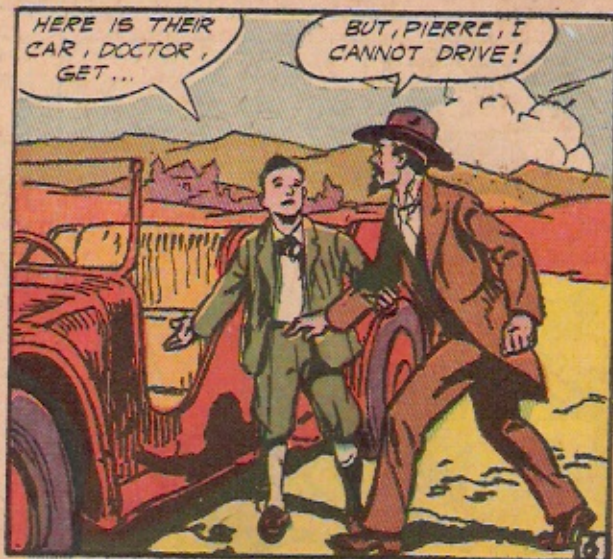




OKAY,  
C'MON,  
KIDS!









I AM NOT VERY CERTAIN  
BUT I WILL TRY, SIR!

PIERRE, BE  
CAREFUL!

PIERRE FINDS THE ACCEL-  
ERATOR AND STEPS ON IT ---

WE'VE PASSED  
THE NAZIS,  
SIR!

WHAT OF  
THE OTHER  
BOYS,  
PIERRE?

BANG

BANG

LOOK -- THAT FOOL GOES IN  
CIRCLES --- SHOOT DEM!

PIERRE! WHERE  
ARE YOU GOING?

I'M GOING TO  
RUN DOWN AS  
MANY AS I  
CAN, SIR!  
HOLD TIGHT!

YAHH!

I'M AFRAID  
YOU MISSED  
THEM!

AS PIERRE DELIBERATELY TURNS THE CAR  
AROUND, A SMALL FIGURE DASHES INTO THE  
OPEN TOWARD THEM...

HEY!  
HOLD UP!

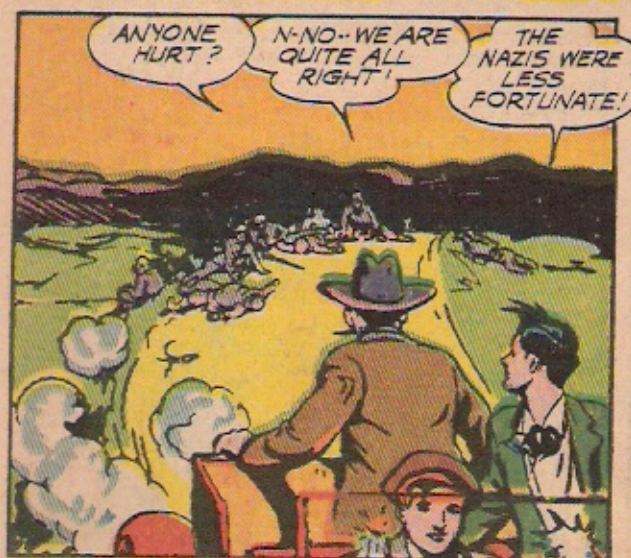
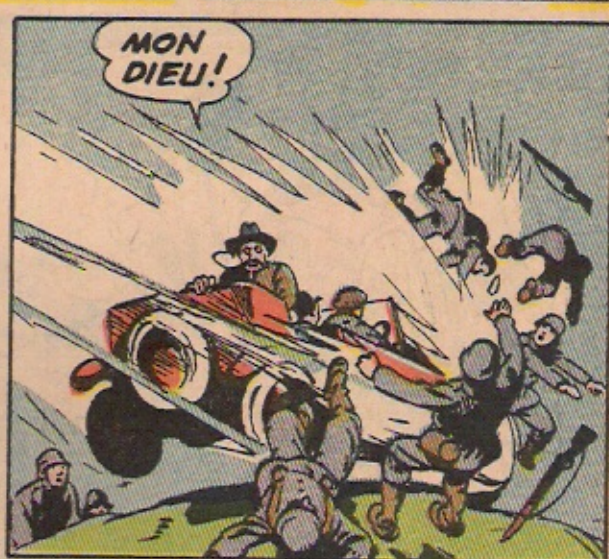
LOOK! IT'S DICK!  
HE'S COMING AFTER  
US!

WHEW! THOSE FELLOWS  
ALMOST GOT ME THAT  
TIME! GET GOING!

DICK, YOU TAKE  
THE WHEEL --- YOU  
KNOW HOW TO DRIVE!

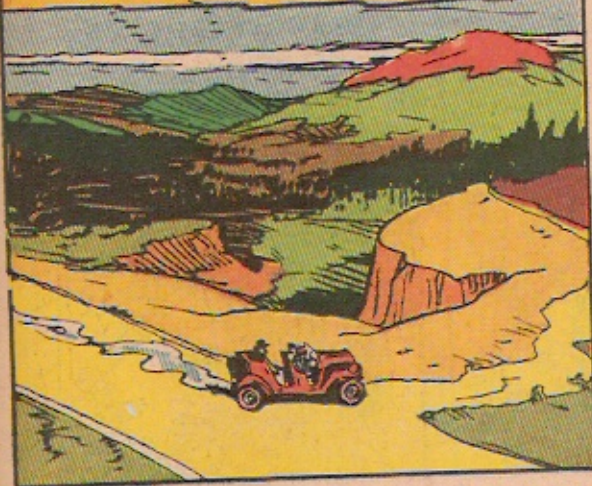
THANK HEAVENS  
YOU'RE SAFE!







A FEW MILES FARTHER ON, DICK SWINGS OFF  
ONTO A MOUNTAINOUS ROAD...



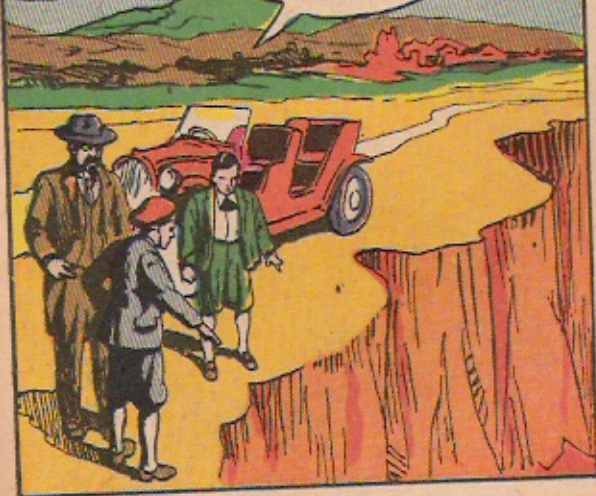
WE'RE ONLY SEVEN MILES FROM THE SWISS  
BORDER NOW -- PERHAPS WE CAN THROW THE  
NAZIS OFF OUR TRAIL FOR LONG ENOUGH TO GET  
YOU SAFELY ACROSS, DOCTOR!

I DON'T UNDER-  
STAND, DICK!

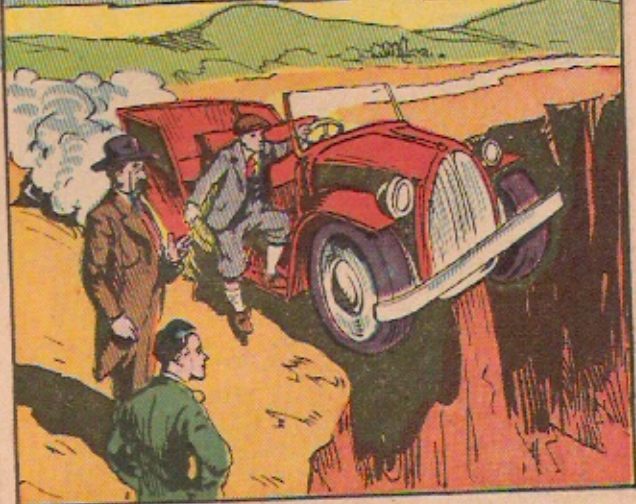
NOR DO I!



WELL, IF WE SHOVE THE CAR OVER THE CLIFF,  
PERHAPS THEY WILL THINK WE WENT OVER  
WITH IT!



DICK TURNS THE CAR AND HEADS IT FOR THE  
PRECIPICE --- JUMPING OUT JUST IN TIME ...



THERE  
SHE GOES!

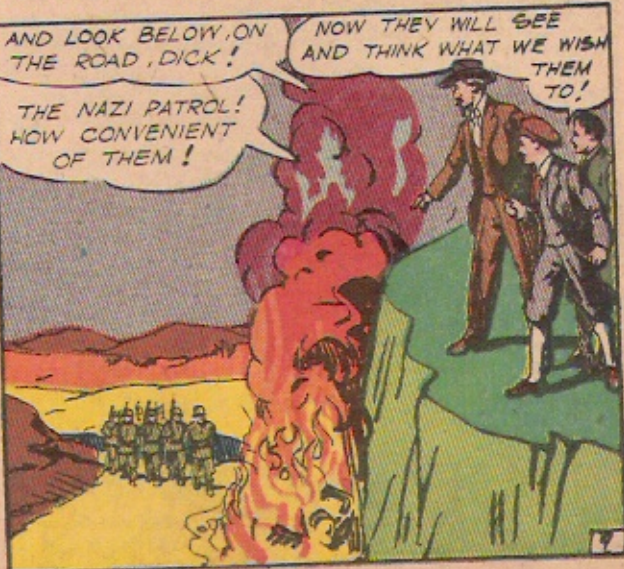
THAT CERTAINLY  
LOOKS CONVINC-  
ING!



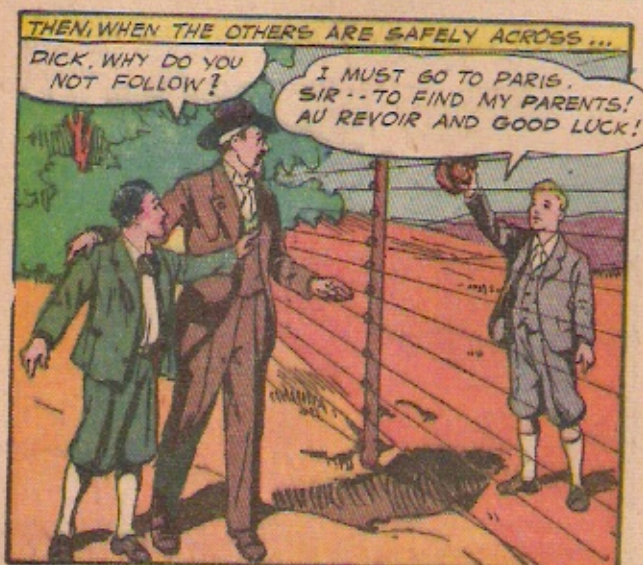
AND LOOK BELOW, ON  
THE ROAD, DICK!

NOW THEY WILL SEE  
AND THINK WHAT WE WISH  
THEM  
TO!

THE NAZI PATROL!  
HOW CONVENIENT  
OF THEM!









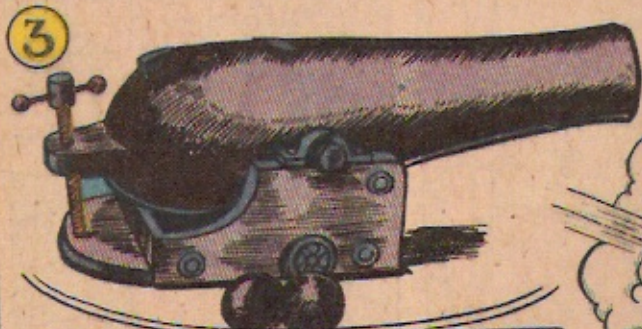
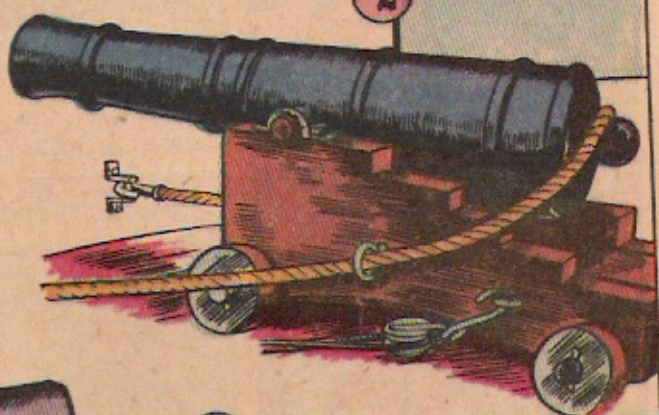
# NAVAL GUNS

THROUGH THE AGES

BELOW IS PICTURED  
A SOLID CAST 24  
POUNDER SUCH  
AS WAS USED ON  
THE U.S. FRIGATE,  
"OLD  
IRONSIDES"

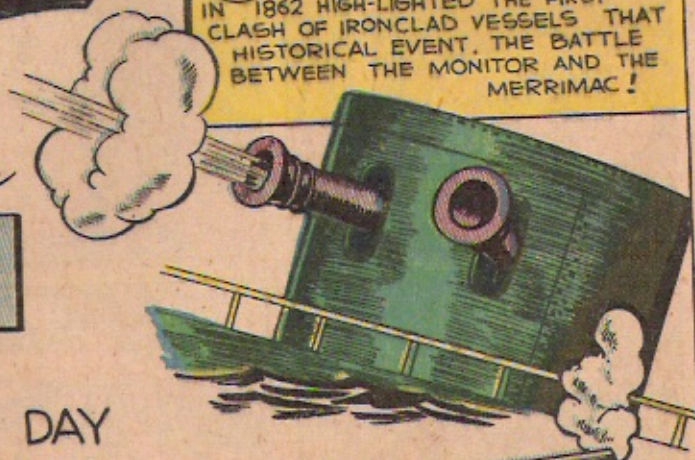


ABOVE IS SHOWN  
THE HOLLOW-CAST GUNS  
WITH WHICH DRAKE DEFEATED  
THE SPANISH ARMADA IN 1588.  
MADE OF IRON AND BRASS THEY  
EJECTED A 24 POUND STONE.



THE DAHLGREN GUN, A CIVIL WAR  
VETERAN, WAS THE BEST MUZZLE-  
LOADED CANNON EVER TO BE USED  
IN NAVAL BATTLE.

4 THE ADVENT OF THE TURRET GUN  
IN 1862 HIGH-LIGHTED THE FIRST  
CLASH OF IRONCLAD VESSELS THAT  
HISTORICAL EVENT, THE BATTLE  
BETWEEN THE MONITOR AND THE  
MERRIMAC!



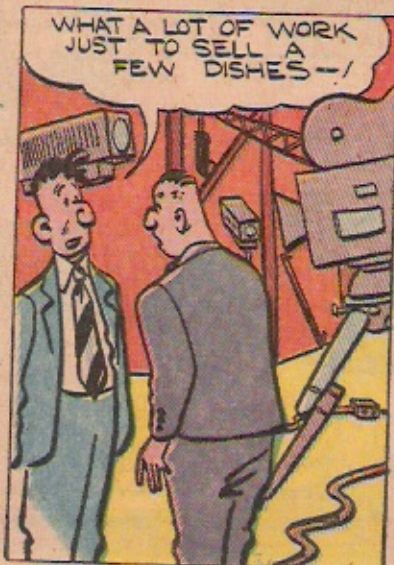
THE PRESENT DAY  
TURRET GUN

5



THIS MECHANICAL MONSTER WITH A 16 INCH  
BORE IS CAPABLE OF FIRING ONE-TON PROJECTILES  
MORE THAN 20 MILES! THE ACCURACY OF THESE  
SPLENDID GUNS IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE GREAT  
NUMBER OF ENEMY PRIZED VESSELS DESTROYED  
SINCE PEARL HARBOR!







# A SOLDIER

**R**ENEE FRANC jerked the lines on his parachute frantically as the dark earth rushed up to meet him through the rain. His body swung back and forth like a clock's pendulum and the rain splattered coldly on his face as the umbrella of his chute was tilted sideways by his swaying body. And as he swayed he could hear the last fading drone of the Fortress that had brought him across the Channel for a secret demolition job and was now racing back to England. Renee was on his own. After several years he was back in the land where he had been born, but now he would find thousands of enemy Nazis that would shoot on sight.

His feet struck the ground, and as they did he fell back loosely, pulling on the lines to spill air out of the chute. He unbuckled the straps and dragged the chute along the ground, rolled it in a ball, and hid it under a bush. As he did this, he knew that he was less than 200 yards north of Dijon Falls. Then he thought it odd that he could not hear the roar of the falling water.

He struck out in the direction of the Falls, his sharp young eyes peering intently into the dark. He had walked only a few yards when he stumbled over a rope and knew he had found what he sought—the lines of a parachute the Fortress had tossed out only a few moments before he had jumped—a parachute carrying to earth an oilskin-wrapped box of demolition materials for him to use in his dangerous job.

Renee's hands followed the lines until he came to the heavy box. He slashed the ropes with his knife and was about to hoist the box to his shoulder when he heard a crunching footstep behind him. He whirled like a flash and his hand whipped to the holster at his side. His gun was in his hand, pointing at a dark blur moving out from behind a scrawny, bomb-smashed tree. The blur whispered, "Renee!"

"Pierre!" Renee's voice shrilled with joy. "Brother!"

Pierre Franc embraced his younger brother. "Your plans have worked well. All is in readiness for you to prepare for the bombers when

they come. But we must hurry. The Nazis have a patrol along the river."

They carried the box between them, moving like ghosts in the rainy night. Renee said, "I always thought Dijon Falls made more noise in the night."

Pierre spoke softly. "My brother, it is several years since you left France. Dijon Falls is no more. The Nazis ruined it."

"What could they do to Dijon Falls?"

"We are close now." He paused. "There is where Dijon Falls used to be." He pointed to a sheer wall of rock that lifted into the darkness seventy-five feet above the floor of the valley. "Dijon Falls carried the waters of the river over the cliff and then the river flowed away to the town. Now all that is left of the Falls is a cave in the wall beneath it."

Renee said, "My job is demolition. What am I supposed to do? The Major said you would have definite instructions."

"Come and I will show you. First we must climb the cliff."

Renee followed his brother up the rocky slope and presently they stood on top of the slope and Pierre explained. "The river flows along here as it has done for centuries. But the Nazis diverted the river from Dijon Falls and made it fall over the other side of the cliff. And they built a concrete retaining wall so the river could not seek its old course."

Renee was puzzled. "Why should the Nazis move the river?"

"They had an airplane factory in Dijon and the Allies bombed it every day. So the Nazis moved the factory—far underground—and then they diverted the river and sent it flowing over the top of the factory. It serves as perfect camouflage and protection from bombers."

The boy smiled. "And my job is to blow out the retaining wall the Nazis built so the river will resume its old course—go over Dijon Falls—and leave the airplane factory exposed for our bombers!"

"Right. But we must get busy. The bombers are due in three hours to lay their eggs."

Renee set about his job. He placed detonat-



ing caps in sticks of dynamite and inserted the sticks, carefully tamped, in various cracks and crevices in the base of the concrete retaining wall the Nazis had built at the top of what had been Dijon Falls.

He connected wires to these caps and then led the wires to a detonating box powered with a storage battery. Then he arranged the detonating mechanism of a steel booby trap, which he placed in the depth gauge bracket on the retaining wall. Now he connected wires from the booby trap to the other wires leading to the detonator box handle, so that a strong tug on the master wire would not only set off the sensitive booby trap but also complete the circuit on the detonator box and explode the heavy charges of dynamite.

They had just about finished their work when Pierre whispered, "Shhhh! The Nazi patrol is coming! Get off the cliff."

They clambered down the cliff silently; Renee carrying with him the loose end of the master wire connected to the detonator box and the booby trap. They shivered in the cold rain at the base of the cliff, cowering against the rock while the solitary Nazi sentry walked along the top of the concrete wall above their heads. They decided to slip into the cave under the falls to prevent the Nazi from catching a glimpse of them if he glanced downward.

They slipped through the narrow opening, in front of which the waters of Dijon Falls had plunged in former days. Renee still held the wire in his hand. "I hope that Nazi doesn't trip over the wire. He'll blow everything sky-high."

Renee stepped out of the tiny cave and peered upward into the rain. "He's gone far enough so he can't see or hear us." He grinned. "In just four minutes we are supposed to set off the explosives and blow the dam over the falls so the river will be dry over the factory when our bombers come."

He took his automatic out of its holster and wrapped the loose end of the wire around the barrel several times. "Just a tiny jerk will set off the booby trap but it will take a powerful pull on that detonator handle to explode the dynamite." He put his gun on the ground and looked at the radium dial of his watch. "Two minutes to go before we set off the charges."

"Put up your hands!" A coarse German voice roared the command. Renee whirled in surprise and his heart fell in dismay. Standing behind them, away from the cave, stood a huge German officer with a big Luger pistol and two German soldiers with bayoneted rifles.

The Nazis laughed. "You should not leave parachutes lying around at night, Dummkopf!"

Renee was stalling for time as he began to edge closer and closer to his own automatic lying on the ground. If he could manage to reach the gun and jerk the wire tied to it he could at least set off the explosives before the Nazis could shoot him down.

The Nazi scowled in the dark. "We tie you so you can try no tricks to escape. Turn around."

Renee made a half turn as if to obey. Then he whirled and dove headlong on the ground toward his own pistol. The German fired and the bullet kicked up dirt in front of Renee's face. One of the soldiers raked his boot across the ground and kicked Renee's gun a few feet out of his reach.

He squirmed to his knees and sprawled again on the ground, reaching for the pistol so he could reach it, jerk the wire, and set off the high explosives. His fingers clutched it and then a German boot descended on his arm and ground it cruelly into the rocks. Renee screamed with pain. The German reached down and picked up Renee's gun and made a vicious sweep at Renee's head. Renee ducked aside, grinning.

For the vicious swing had jerked the explosive wire and set off all the charges on the cliff above Dijon Falls. A roar like that of an earthquake cracked the night and a red sheet of flame shoved tons of rock and concrete from the top of the cliff and released the river to its normal course. A sheet of water fifty feet thick came plunging down the cliff. It meant certain death for anyone caught in its path. The Germans stared up, screaming with horror, frozen in their tracks with frenzied fear.

Renee got up and hurled himself against his brother. They both tumbled headlong into the tiny cave in the rock wall. The terrified Germans tried to follow, but before they could reach it, that tremendous sheet of falling water hit them and swept them away to kicking, struggling, screaming death.

Renee and Pierre got to their feet and, pressing themselves close against the cliff wall, walked safely from under the roaring water of the Dijon Falls. They climbed the cliff and looked down into the valley. The river bed was now just a dry gully in the plain, and they could see the flat expanse of the airplane factory roof, no longer hidden by the water. Above them in the rainy night they could hear the roar of scores of Flying Fortresses coming in on the target from England.

Renee smiled at his brother. "Our work is finished. The Forts will complete the job we started."

THE END



# The GALE LEARY WILLO' THE WISP



MARTHA LEARY!  
BUT NO! IT CAN'T  
BE-- I KILLED HER  
EIGHTEEN  
YEARS AGO!

WHO DO YOU  
SEE BEFORE  
YOU, RED  
BRANDOIS...  
WHO?

STRANGE WERE THE  
EVENTS THAT TOOK PLACE  
IN THE YEAR 1925 -----  
STRANGE, GRUESOME AND  
FOREBODING TO THOSE  
WHO WERE TO MEET THE  
AVENGING SWISH OF THE  
WILLO' THE WISP!  
EIGHTEEN YEARS LATER  
IN ALL THE ANNALS OF  
CRIME NONE WAS MORE  
BESTIAL THAN THAT  
AGAINST GREGORY  
LEARY!



ONE EVENING, LATE IN NOVEMBER 1925, GREG LEARY, DISTRICT ATTORNEY, ENTERS HIS HOME ---

MARTHA --  
MARTHA -- ARE  
YOU HOME?

YES --  
UPSTAIRS,  
DEAR!

I WON THE CASE AGAINST BOB EVANS! HE  
WAS CONVICTED BY JUDGE LANDS ON FIVE  
COUNTS TO DEFRAUD THE CITY OF FUNDS --  
A TWENTY YEAR SENTENCE!

HOW GRAND!

AND HOW IS OUR LITTLE  
DAUGHTER TODAY, DARLING?

FINE -- SHE'S  
SLEEPING  
SOUNDLY!

GREG -- PLEASE DON'T  
WAKE HER UP...

I WON'T -- I JUST  
WANT TO SNEAK  
A LOOK ---

TING-A-LING

THE DOOR BELL --

I'LL ANSWER  
IT, DEAR!

JUDGE LANDS! COME IN -- WHY YOU'RE  
WHITE AS A SHEET --- WHAT'S HAPPENED?

SOMETHING DREADFUL,  
GREG!

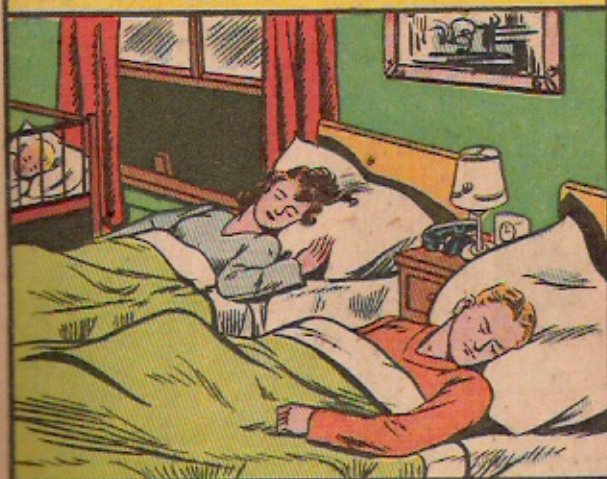
BOSS EVANS ESCAPED FROM  
THE CITY JAIL!!!

WHAT?

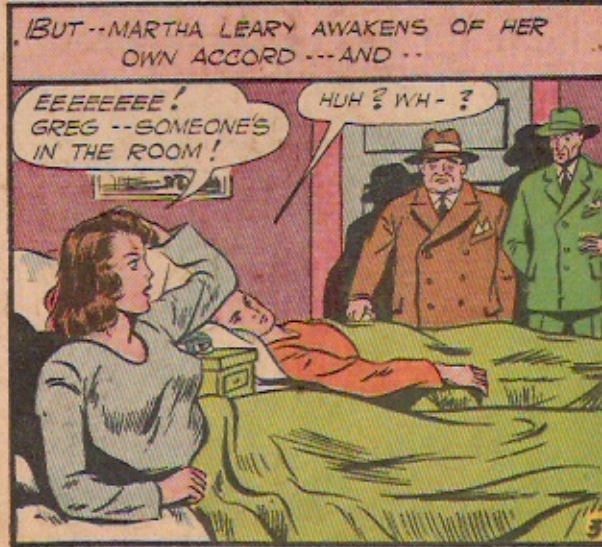




A RESTFUL SILENCE CURTAINS THE LEARY HOME AS ITS OCCUPANTS FALL INTO DEEP SLUMBER



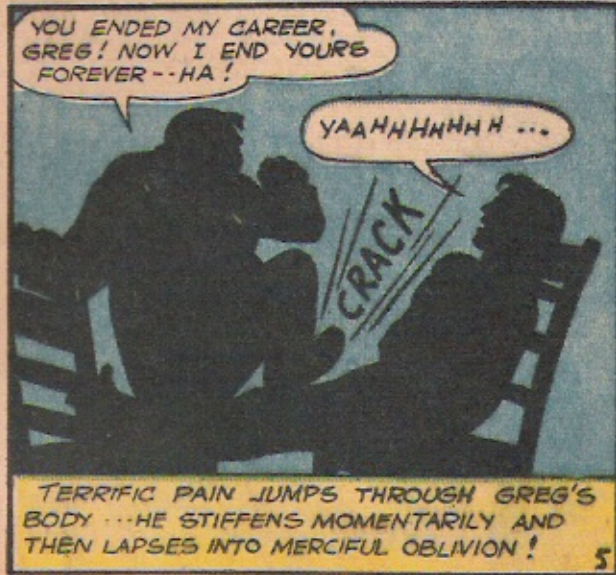
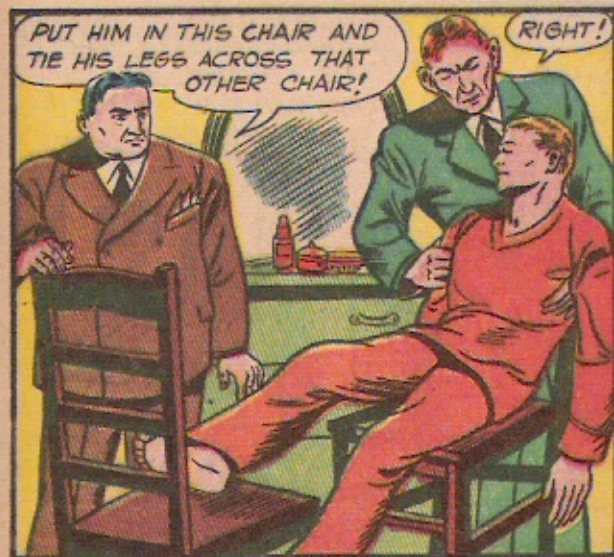
BUT OUTSIDE THE BEDROOM WINDOW EVIL FIGURES ARE SNEAKING AROUND...













AS THE CRIMINALS TURN  
TO LEAVE ---

WAHHHHHH!

LISTEN! TH' KID'S BAWLIN'!

YEAH--HER OLD MAN'S  
YELLING WOKE HER UP!



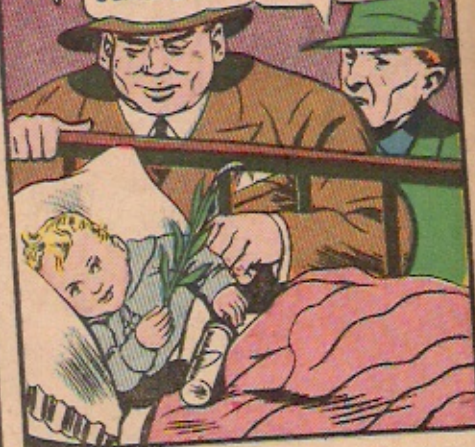
HEY--WATCHA DOING?

GOT TO KEEP THE  
KID QUIET--I'LL  
GIVE HER THIS  
WILLOW BRANCH  
TO PLAY WITH!



HAH! SHE GRABBED IT LIKE  
A RATTLE--SHE'S QUIET NOW!

COME ON--LET'S BEAT IT!



**Daily**

1928

MORNING  
EDITION

TWO CENTS

## DISTRICT ATTORNEY AND WIFE ATTACKED IN HOME!

GREGORY LEARY AND HIS  
WIFE MARTHA BELIEVED TO  
BE ESCAPED BOSS EVANS  
AND HIS HENCHMAN, RED  
BRANDS! MRS. LEARY  
MURDERED IN COLD BLOOD!  
MR. LEARY'S BOTH LEGS  
BROKEN BY THUGS. THEIR  
BABY GIRL WAS UNHARMED.

DAYS LATER AT THE HOSPITAL

HE'S WAKING  
UP, DOCTOR!

IT'S A SHAME! HE'LL BE  
CRIPPLED FOR THE REST  
OF HIS LIFE!

OHHHH!



MY WIFE --MY DAUGHTER--WHERE ARE  
THEY--WHAT'S HAPPENED?

THERE, THERE, MR. LEARY,  
CONTROL YOURSELF!

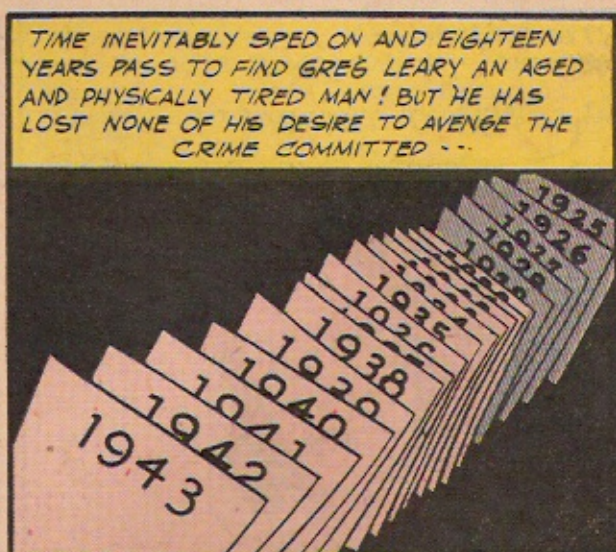
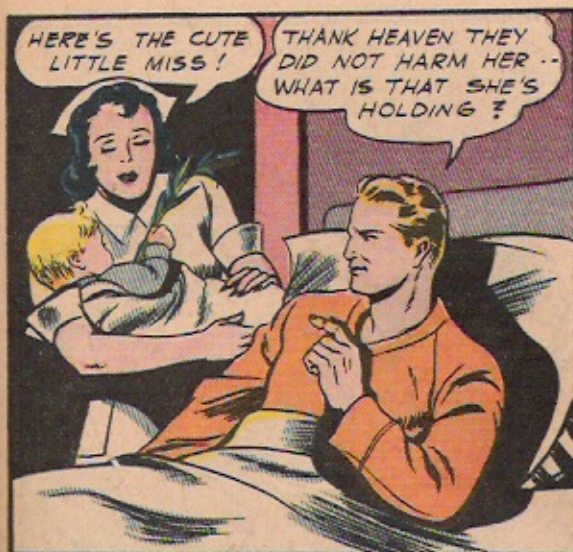


OH...MY WIFE SHOT IN COLD BLOOD--BUT  
MY DAUGHTER, GALE---WHERE IS SHE?

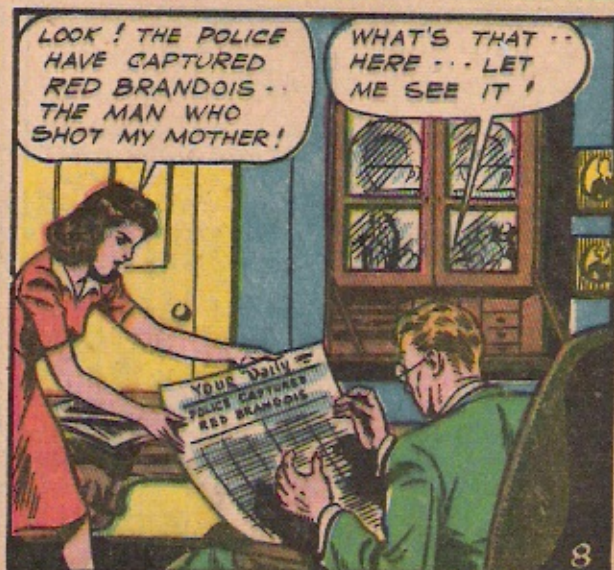
WE'RE KEEPING HER HERE IN  
THE HOSPITAL! I'LL BRING  
HER TO YOU!



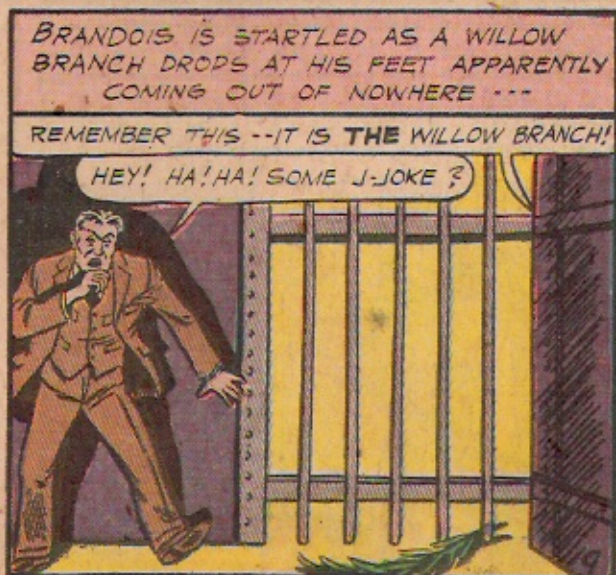














THEN, OUT OF THE PAST, A MEMORY TAKES FORM BEFORE RED BRANDOIS ...

REMEMBER ME RED BRANDOIS?

YAHHH! NO - NO!!  
I KILLED YOU,  
MARTHA LEARY! NO!  
YOU'RE DEAD!



KEEP HER AWAY FROM ME!!  
STOP HER--AEEEEEE!



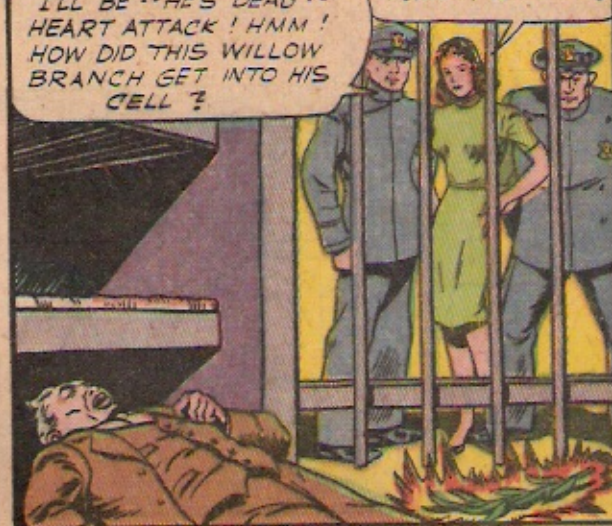
HOLY SMOKES, WHAT HAPPENED?

HE SCREAMED WHEN HE  
SAW ME AND HE PITCHED  
FORWARD CLUTCHING  
HIS HEART!



I'LL BE -- HE'S DEAD --  
HEART ATTACK! HMM!  
HOW DID THIS WILLOW  
BRANCH GET INTO HIS  
CELL?

FUNNY, ISN'T IT?



WEARILY, GALE ARRIVES HOME ...

I-I GUESS I  
SUCCEEDED,  
FATHER?

I KNOW---JUDGE LANDS  
CALLED AND TOLD ME  
WHAT HAPPENED!



HE DIED BEFORE I COULD ASK HIM THE  
WHEREABOUTS OF BOSS EVANS--BUT DON'T  
WORRY--THE WILL O' WISP WILL FIND HIM  
OUT! FUNNY, BUT I'M SURE  
OF THAT NOW, DAD!

I BELIEVE YOU,  
DEAR!





# THE CURSE OF THE FORTUNE TELLER



THE MYSTIC FORCES OF UNKNOWN  
POWERS REACH DOWN IN  
DEATH FOR A DANGEROUS  
TRIO WHO DARES TO LAUGH  
AT THE  
**CURSE**  
OF A  
**GYPSY**

ONE INKY NIGHT OFF THE SHORE OF  
CONEY ISLAND - THE LONG SLEEK  
FORM OF A NAZI U-BOAT ROLLS  
BACK THE WATERS AND BREAKS  
SURFACE!



A RUBBER BOAT PUTS OUT...



GOOD FORTUNE,  
KARL, MAX,  
SIEFERT!

JA! DO  
NOT  
VORRY!











THEY ARE FROM  
THE LAND OF THE  
CROOKED CROSS!

ACH, SHE  
IS FOOLING  
US!

SHUT UP,  
DUMBKOPF!



THEY HAVE COME WITH DEATH IN THEIR  
HEARTS BUT I SEE DEATH WAITING  
FOR THEM! ONE DIES BY FIRE, ONE BY--



CRAZY WITH FEAR AND ANGER, SEIFERT  
PULLS HIS GUN AND SHOOTS THE  
GYPSY WOMAN BETWEEN THE EYES!

YOU--YOU  
LYING WOMAN--  
YOU WOULD SCARE  
US! ---



FORTUNE TELLERS--BAH!  
SHE WAS TRYING TO  
TRAP US!

HUH-- I  
KILLED HER  
BEFORE SHE  
FINISHED

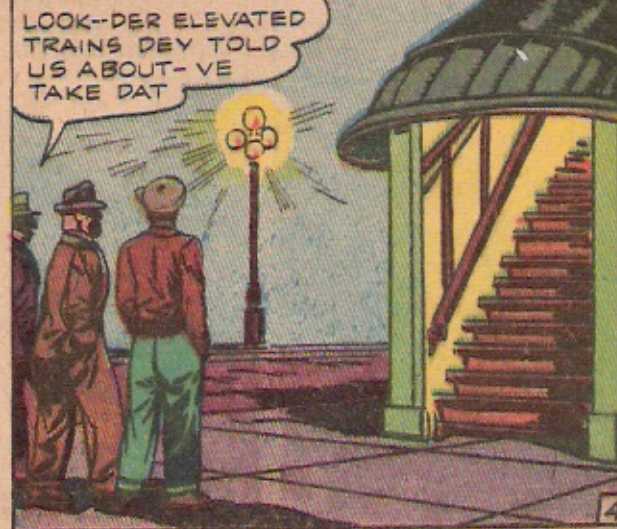


DER VAY IS CLEAR  
UND VE MUST GET  
TO DER CITY  
QUICKLY, NOW!

YOU MEAN  
I SHOOT  
TOO MUCH,  
EH? SHUT  
UP!



LOOK--DER ELEVATED  
TRAINS DEY TOLD  
US ABOUT--VE  
TAKE DAT





AT THAT MOMENT--

THERE THEY ARE!  
THEY'RE THE GUYS  
WHO SHOT  
AT ME!

WE'LL  
GET 'EM!

HIMMEL--  
DER GUARD!  
VE ARE SPOTTED  
SHOOT!

A RUNNING DUEL TAKES PLACE ON THE  
SUBWAY STEPS!

UP TO DER  
TRAINS--VE  
VILL LOSE  
THEM!

HURRY--DEY  
ARE BEHIND US!

HEY--THEY'LL TRY  
TO GET ON A  
TRAIN!

VE CAN HOLD DEM  
OFF UNTIL DER  
TRAIN COMES!

DEY VON'T DARE  
TO ATTACK US VHILE  
VE YET HAFF BULLETS

MAX, LEANING LOW OVER THE EDGE OF  
THE PLATFORM, IS HURLED ONTO THE  
THIRD RAIL BY THE HURLING TRAIN!

POOR MAX!  
HE ISS DEAD!  
PUT YOUR GUN  
AWAY!

HIS--HIS NECK  
IS BROKEN!



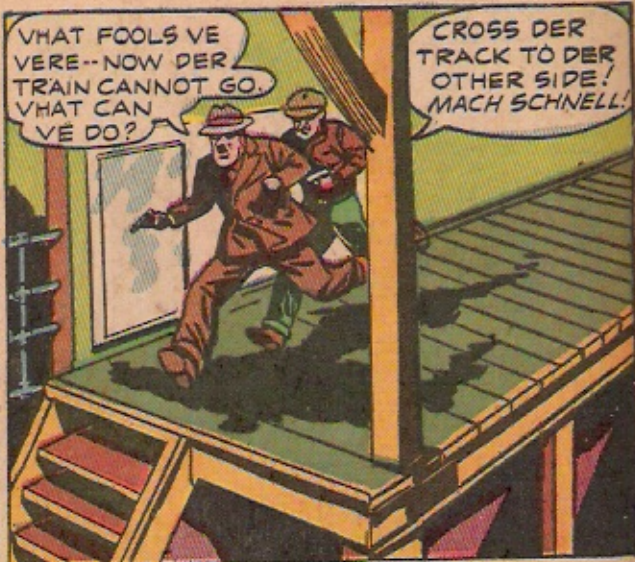
THAT FORTUNE  
TELLER SAID  
HE'D DIE BY  
BREAKING...

BAH--IT IS JUST  
COINCIDENCE! RUN--  
DER POLICE ARE  
COMING UP ON DER  
PLATFORM!



VHAT FOOLS VE  
VERE--NOW DER  
TRAIN CANNOT GO.  
VHAT CAN  
VE DO?

CROSS DER  
TRACK TO DER  
OTHER SIDE!  
MACH SCHNELL!



I THINK  
DEYARE FOOLED.  
DEY DO NOT  
FOLLOW!

JA - DER  
LEADERS TOLD  
US DER AMERICANS  
ARE STUPID



THE CHATTER OF A  
TOMMY GUN HALTS  
THEIR FLIGHT!

YAGH--DEY HAFF  
A MACHINE GUN!

RUN, KARL,  
RUN!



O.K. NAZIS--  
STOP OR BE  
STOPPED!

CATCH ME--  
I SLIP..

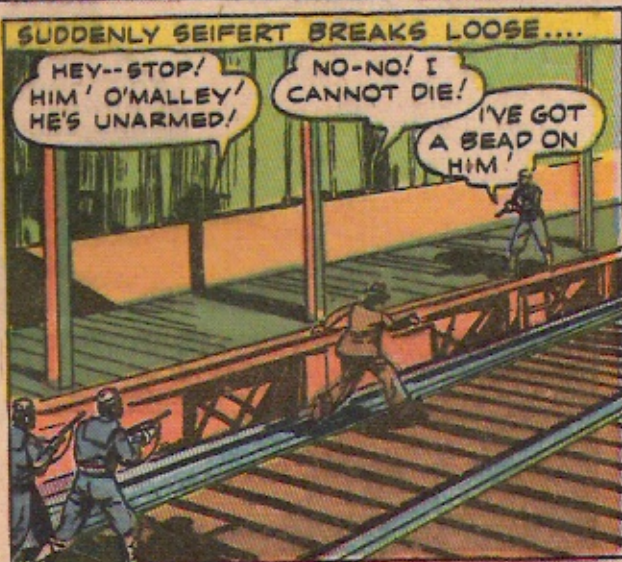
VATCH OUT!



A BRILLIANT  
FLASH-A  
HARSH  
CRACKLE  
ANNOUNCES  
THE SECOND  
DEATH!









# MASCOT MONKEYSHINES!!!

HOOGH, THE MONKEY -  
AND POOGH, THE DOG,  
ARE MASCOTS OF  
THE MARINES -  
STATIONED SOMEWHERE  
IN THE SOUTH SEAS.  
THEIR KEEPERS -  
MONK AND SLIM -  
ARE BUDDIES --  
JUST TWO HARD,  
TOUGH LEATHERNECKS!  
HOOGH AND POOGH ARE  
FRIENDLY ENEMIES,  
RIVALS FOR THE  
PRAISES OF THEIR  
LEATHERNECK  
OWNERS!

LISTEN, YOU SON  
OF A FLEA-BITTEN  
MANGY RAT -  
IF I WAS TH'  
CAPTAIN OF THESE  
LEATHERNECKS,  
I'D HAVE YOU  
POISONED - BUT  
DEFINITELY!

YEA-H-H-  
WELL, IF THEY  
KNEW WHAT  
I'M A'THINKIN'  
'BOUT YOU,  
THEY'D SHOOT  
ME AT  
SUNRISE!

OUR LI'L OLD MASCOTS  
GIT ALONG FINE --  
LIKE THEY WAS  
TWINNIES!

YEH!



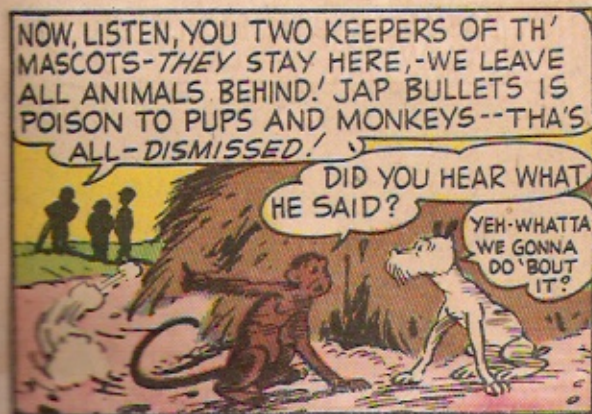
OUR STORY OPENS EARLY IN THE MORNING --  
SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS --  
ON THE EDGE OF A JUNGLE -- **REVEILLE**



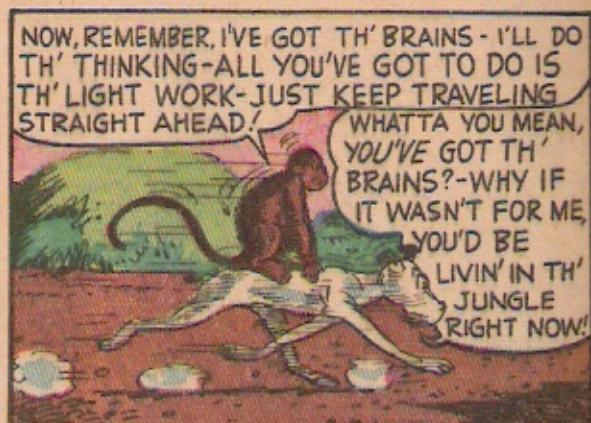
HIT TH' DECK! YOU AINT SLEEPIN' UP  
FOR TH' DURATION IN THIS OUTFIT!  
OR DO YOU WISH ME TO SERVE BREAKFAST  
TO YOU IN BED? **HIT TH' DECK, I SAY!**













HOCH- THE MONKEY MASCOT  
OF THE MARINES  
CONTINUES TO CLIMB - - -

I'VE A PREMONITION THIS  
ADVENTURE WILL PROVE  
TO THE LEATHERNECKS  
WE MONKEYS ARE FAR  
SUPERIOR TO THE  
JAPANESE

OH-OH-WHAT'S THIS?  
A JAP SNIPER  
DRAWING A  
BEAD ON  
A MARINE-  
I MUST  
STOP  
HIM  
SOMEHOW!

SO  
SORRY,  
PLIZ

IF I CAN BREAK  
OFF THIS DEAD  
BRANCH  
WITHOUT  
HIM HEARING  
ME. I'LL ..

CRACK

CLO~~NK~~ HIM!

CLANK

FL! WHAT HIT ME?

FL!  
HELP

PONG!

IF I THOUGHT  
THAT HOCH  
ANIMAL THROU'D  
THAT AT  
ME, I'D ..

PLOMP

OH-HE'S THROWIN' MONKEY-  
MEN DOWN AT ME - GUESS  
I'D BETTER PUT SOME  
FINISHIN' TOUCHES ON THIS  
NIP! START  
RUNNIN' RAT!

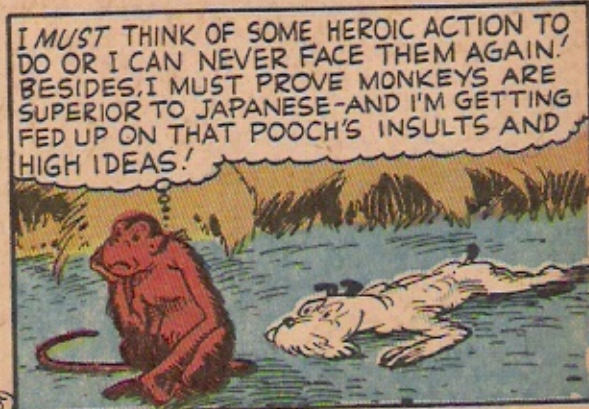
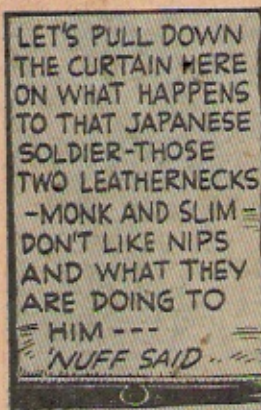
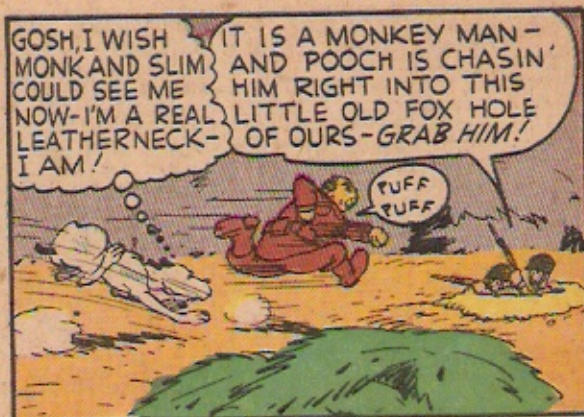
YANKS DON'T FIGHT  
FAIR- SIC DOG ON  
POOR JAPANESE SOLDIER

ALL I CRAVE  
IS JUST ONE  
BITE - THA'S  
ALL AND I'M  
GONNA RUN YOU  
RAGGED 'TIL I  
GET SAID  
BITE!

LET'S GO BACK TO  
HOCH THE MONKEY  
HERE I AM UP IN  
THE TOP OF THIS  
HIGH TREE - NOW  
LET'S FIND OUR  
MARINES!

YOU TWO GUYS - DIG  
IN HERE AND PROTECT  
OUR REAR  
AH! THERE  
THEY ARE







COME ON, YOU POOR LITTLE RING-TAILED BABOON, I'LL LEAD YOU TO OUR PALS - YOU MIGHT GIT LOST!

EKK!

I HOPE HE CHOKES --- I HOPE HE RUNS INTO A JAPANESE MACHINE GUN NEST - HE THINKS HE'S SO SMART! DECORATIONS FOR HIM- PHOOEY!

GRIT GRIND

HALP! HOOCH, RUN! THERE'S A MESS OF BEES AFTER ME - ONE STUNG ME!

BEES? THOSE AREN'T BEES - THEY'RE BULLETS!

I'M GOING TO DO SOME RUNNING MYSELF. MAYBE SOMETHING WILL HAPPEN TO RELIEVE THE SITUATION I NOW FIND MYSELF IN!

BEING A MONKEY HAS ITS ADVANTAGES I CAN TRAVEL AS WELL UP IN THE TREE TOPS AS ON THE GROUND.

OH-OH! LOOK WHAT I'VE RUN INTO - A JAP MACHINE GUN NEST FIRING AT A COUPLE OF LEATHERNECKS! O-ME O-MY! IT'S SLIM AND MONK - I'VE GOTTA DO SOME QUICK THINKING!

IF WE COULD ONLY REACH 'EM WITH HAND GRENADES BUT THEY'RE TOO FAR AWAY AND WELL HIDDEN IN THEM PALM BUSHES

WHAT CAN I DO TO HELP MY PALS?

KEEP THAT GUN HOT, YOU BEAN POLE, AND DON'T DO SO MUCH TALKIN'!

HM-M- IT'S AN IDEA AND IT MIGHT WORK! I'LL GIVE IT A TRY ANYWAY -

RATATATTA...  
BANG!  
BANG!  
BANG!

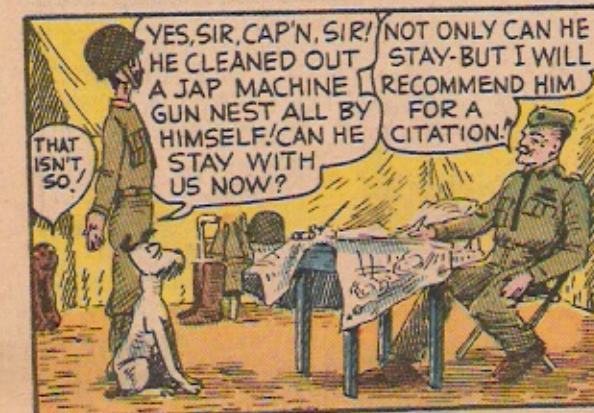




HEY, MONK, LOOK! THEM MONKEY MEN  
ARE RUNNIN' AWAY. "MOW 'EM DOWN"



WHEE! THERE I WONDER WHERE POOCH IS  
COMES HOOCH! NOW...OUT SCOUTIN' FOR  
WHEE! NIPS, I'LL BET ANYTHING!



CHEER UP, HOOCH, YOU'LL GET MORE  
AND BIGGER CHANCES TO PROVE YOUR  
POINT- BE SURE TO SEE **MASCOT**  
**MONKEYSHINES** IN NEXT ISSUE-THIS MAG.